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DU MAURIER

And Mesmerism—He and Moscheles Deeply Interested.

STORY OF THEIR FIRST MEETING

Many Seances were Given During Their Early Student Days in Paris—An Experiment which Got into a Predicament and Had to be Helped Out.

Felix Moscheles, the artist, writes for the May Century a paper entitled "In Bohemia with Du Maurier: Recollections of Artist Life in the Fifties." This is accompanied by seventeen sketches and several letters and poems by Du Maurier. Mr. Moscheles writes as follows:

Mesmerism—or, as the fashion of to-day call it, hypnotism—formed no frequent topic of conversation between Du Maurier and me that it takes a very prominent place in my recollections. In Paris I had opportunities of attending some most interesting seances, in consequence of which I soon proceeded to investigate the mesmeristic phenomena on my own account. Now I have not touched the fluid for some thirty years; I swore off because it was taking too much out of me; but I look back with pleasure on my early experiments—successes, I may say—for I was fortunate enough to come across several exceptional subjects. Du Maurier was particularly interested in one of these—Virginia Mersaudon—and had a way of putting puzzling questions concerning her faculties and my mesmerism influence. Virginia was a female devotee of the true Parisian type, a devoted, elderly creature, who performed the duties of charwoman and housekeeper.

I was not yet eighteen when I first went to Paris to study under my cousin, the eminent painter, Henri Lehmann. At his studio I found Virginia installed as the presiding genius of the establishment, using in turn broom or tub, needle, grill or frying pan, as occasion might require. The wide range of her powers I further extended by making a truly remarkable mesmerist subject of her. My debut in Paris was that of the somewhat bewildered foreigner, speaking but very indifferent French, and she had from the first done what she could to make me feel at home in the strange city, treating me with truly motherly care and devotion. How completely she took possession of me is shown by a passage she wrote when I was ill in Leipzig, where I had gone on a visit to my parents. After expressing her anxiety and her regret at not being there to nurse me, she emphatically says: "Je rends madame votre mere responsable de votre sante."

It needed but little to lead her on from a state of docile and genial dependence to one of unconscious mesmeric subjection; and so, a few passes shaping her course, I would her across the boundary line that separates us from the unknown—a line which, thanks to science, is daily being extended. Mme. Mersaudon was herself an incorrigible disbeliever in the phenomena of mesmerism, but as a subject her faculties were such as to surprise and convert many a scoffer.

At the seances, to which I invited my friends and a few scientific outsiders, I always courted the fullest investigation, taking it as the first duty of the mesmerizer to show cause why he should not be put down as a charlatan. So we had tests and counter-tests, evidence and counter-evidence; there were doctors to feel the pulse and to scrutinize the rigidity of the muscles, experts to propound scientific "ifs" and "buts," and wisacres generally to put spokes in the wheel of progress, as is their playful way whenever they find that wheel in motion. It was doubly satisfactory, then, that the good faith of subject and mesmerist could be conclusively proved.

One of these seances led to a rather amusing incident. One night I was awakened from first slumber by a sharp ring at my bell, and when, after some parleying, I opened the door I found myself confronted by two persons. One I recognized as an "inquirer" who had been brought to my rooms some time before; the other was a lad I had not seen before. The inquirer, I ascertained, having carefully watched my modus operandi on the occasion of his visit, had next tried experiments of his own. In this instance he had succeeded in mesmerizing a lad, but had found it impossible to recall him to his normal condition. So, securing him by a leather strap fastened round his waist, he led him through the streets of Paris to my rooms. There we both tried our power upon him, the result being very unsatisfactory. The youth, feeling himself freed from one operator and not subjected by the other, refused allegiance to either, and being of a pugnacious temperament, squared up and began striking at both of us. It was not without considerable difficulty that I mesmerized him completely, and then, having previously prepared his mind to account naturally for his presence in my rooms, I succeeded in awakening him, and all ended happily. The inquirer was highly grateful, the youth went home strapping and none the worse for the adventure, and I proceeded to do some very sound sleeping on my own account.

Moscheles thus describes his first meeting with Du Maurier: "We first met at Antwerp, in the classrooms of the famous academy. I was painting and blaguing, as one paints and blagues in the storm-and-stress period of one's artistic development. It had been my good fortune to begin my studies in Paris, where, in the Atelier Greyre, I had cultivated the essentially French art of chaffing, known by the name of "la blague, very genuine," and I was now able to give my less lively Flemish friends and fellow-students the full benefit of my experience. Many pleasant recollections bound me to Paris, so when I heard one day that a "nouveau" had arrived straight from my old Atelier Greyre I was not a little impatient to make his acquaintance.

The newcomer was Du Maurier. I sought him out, and taking it for granted that he was a Frenchman, I addressed him in French. We were soon engaged in lively conversation, asking and answering questions about comrades in Paris, and sorting the threads that associated us both with the same place. "Did you know our names Poynter?" he asked, excitedly. Frenchifying the name for my benefit, I mentally translated this into equally exquisite English, my version naturally being "a man called Poynter." Later on an American came up, with whom I exchanged a few words in his and my native tongue. "What the deuce are you?" English? broke in Du Maurier. "And what the deuce are you?" I rejoined. And we then and there made friends on a sound international basis.

It seemed to me that at this first meeting Du Maurier took me in at a glance—the eager, hungry glance of the caricaturist. He seemed struck with my appearance, as well he might be. I wore a workman's blouse that had gradually taken its color from its surroundings. To protect myself from the indiscretions of my comrades I had painted various warnings on my back, as, for instance, "Bill-stickers, beware!" "It is forbidden to shoot rubbish here!" and the like. My very black hair, ever inclined to run riot, was encircled by a carefully knotted handkerchief, worn such as only a fond mother's hand could devise, and I was doubtless coloring some meerschaum of eccentric design.

It has always been a source of legitimate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by providence to sharpen Du Maurier's pencil. There must have been something in my "verfuerliche physiognomie," as a very handsome young German whom I used

to chaff unmercifully called it, to reveal to Du Maurier those dormant capacities which had been betrayed in his eager glance.

SENTENCES COMMUTED.

The Death Penalty will Not be Executed in the Cases of the Transvaal Offenders. The Situation.

CAPE TOWN, April 29.—Further advice received here from Pretoria say that at the close of the trial of the leading members of the Johannesburg reform committee yesterday the president judge, after summing up, said that it was his painful duty to pass sentence upon the prisoners who had pleaded guilty of high treason, but he expressed the hope that the executive would show the same clemency it had exhibited during the crisis which marked the beginning of the year.

Then, amid the most intense, painful silence throughout the court room, the judge solemnly passed the sentence of death, individually, upon Louis Phillips, president of the chamber of mines of Johannesburg; George Farrar, proprietor and publisher of Country Life, of Johannesburg; Col. Francis Rhodes, brother of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes; and John Hays Hammond, the American engineer, manager of the De Beers mines.

A few minutes later the remaining fifty-nine prisoners, including Joel Barnato, a nephew of Barney Barnato; Mr. Bettelheim, the Turkish consul and formerly attorney general of Cape Colony; J. W. Leonard and Captain Mein, J. S. Curtis, V. B. Clement, J. Lawley, H. S. King and Mr. Bingham, all Americans, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, three years' banishment and to pay a fine of 2,000 pounds, in default of which they will undergo another year's imprisonment.

The news of the sentences was received with the greatest amazement here, at Johannesburg and even at Pretoria, and caused the greatest excitement everywhere, even though it was generally understood that the four men sentenced to death would not be executed.

The telegraph wires throughout the colony and the Transvaal were blocked with messages to and from Pretoria; business was at a standstill everywhere, and every man had a "what next?" expression on his face.

The attitude of the British population was one of angry resentment; the Boers were sullenly defiant.

A message from the secretary of state for the colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, was communicated to President Kruger last evening by Sir J. A. De Wet, the British agent at Pretoria. The president was calm, but it was evident to all that he felt the gravity of the situation most acutely.

Later last night a rumor obtained circulation that the president was carefully going over the records of the trial and consulting with the legal authorities of Pretoria with the result that he had decided to commute the death sentences to heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment, to be followed by banishment. This report caused a decided feeling of relief, which was intensified when a dispatch from Pretoria this morning, from an official source, announced that the sentences of death had indeed been commuted.

The president in exercising clemency, has only followed the course which he was expected to adopt under the circumstances, but his impulse in the matter was dictated by his sense of justice alone and not from any fear of the consequences which might have followed the execution of the prisoners. Indeed it is stated upon high authority, that he has decided days ago upon the step just taken, and that the firm stand he took in his letter declining Mr. Chamberlain's invitation to visit England was assumed in order that there might be no mistake as to the actual attitude of the Transvaal towards Great Britain.

The president's concluding remarks, it is pointed out here, distinctly outline the future policy of the Transvaal. He said: "Under existing circumstances, the South African republic will not at present press a reconsideration of the London convention and a substitution for it of a treaty of amity and commerce, but will rest satisfied with pecuniary compensation and with the assurances that no violation of its territory will be repeated."

Later in the day the report that President Kruger had commuted the death sentence was confirmed and there was still further relief on all sides and rejoicing in many quarters. The step, it is added, will have a decided beneficial effect upon the relations between the British and the Boers, even though it was anticipated and to a great extent discounted. But the strain will be resumed when the question of Great Britain paying an indemnity to the Transvaal comes up. It is intimated here, however, that the British government will endeavor to shift the whole responsibility in the matter upon the shoulders of the British Chartered South African Company, and that the latter will have to foot the Transvaal's bill of expenses when it is presented.

Later in the day, another dispatch from Pretoria announced that Dr. W. J. Leyds, secretary of the Transvaal, had informed Sir J. A. De Wet, the British agent at Pretoria, that it had not yet been decided what punishment would be imposed upon the reform committee prisoners in place of the death sentence, and he also intimated that the executive council was reconsidering the sentences imposed upon all the other prisoners. This leads to the belief that the minor sentences will be lightened.

There was a slight skirmish outside of Bulawayo on Monday. A Matabele reconnaissance party attempted to surprise a picket near the Coolie gardens of that town. A few shots were exchanged, five natives were killed and the Matabeles retired.

A seven-pounder has been placed in position so as to command the gardens. The Matabeles have been sending couriers to all the native tribes in that part of South Africa, urging them to join the whites in every engagement, and urging them to rise and help the Matabeles exterminate their mutual enemies.

Three Badly Injured.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 29.—The first blood of the clockmakers' strike was shed shortly after noon to-day. Four hundred strikers attacked several non-union men and handled them very roughly. The patrol wagons with a large detail of officers were summoned and the men were finally rescued. Three men were badly injured.

Killed in a Cloudburst.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 29.—The Times-Star's special from Delaware, O., says William Scarborough, Joseph Heidebrach, Mrs. Lucinda Williamson and Charles Cranberry were killed by a cloudburst at Waldo last night. Damages are reported in other quarters.

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Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

ENGLISH FLUNK.

A Young Lad of Long Age who Faced an Angry Lord.

In the May St. Nicholas John Bennett has a story of life in England centuries ago, entitled "His Father's Price." Several lads have thrown clods of clay at a proud baron, who captures one of them. This scene follows:

The "fellow" they have clodded was Sir Richard Scroope, the lawyer lord of Bolton Manor. The lad turned sick, but did not flinch a hair. It is a strange English way, that, of taking one's revenge by making no to do. Sir Richard's garb was dull in tone, but rich in stuff. His cloak and hood were fringed with miniver, although the day was warm. His ray-cloth surcoat was wine-color and blue. The closely girded garter beneath it was of fine watchet-blue, with a broad band of shimmering cloth of gold. His strong white hands were bare, but his legs were covered with double-thonged cokers of russet cordovan from ankle to mid-thigh. His spurs were heavily gilded, and he wore a short double-edged Sheffield dagger.

"Art thou one of those who did this unto me?" he asked, in a stern hard voice.

"Ay," replied the boy huskily. "Who set ye on to do this thing?"

"No one, sire."

"No lies to me, knave! Who set ye on?"

"I have nae lied." The boy's voice quivered.

"Why did ye do it, then?"

The lad made no reply. He was wondering if the reat had gotten away safe; wondering that he was still alive—and if it were not all dream, that the lord baron was asking him why.

"Dost hear me, knave?" said Sir Richard.

"Yea, sire."

"Then why dost thou not answer?"

"For marvel that I may, sire," replied the boy.

A queer look came into Sir Richard's stern eyes at that, and he looked even more sharply than before at the upturned sunburnt face, honestly fearful, yet unafraid. "Then why did ye do this cowardly thing? Speak, knave; my time is shorter than my temper with thee!"

At the word cowardly, the lad flushed. "For sport, sire," he replied.

"For sport?" cried Sir Richard sternly. "This"—and as he spoke he pointed meaningly to his swollen forehead.

"That was your end of the game, sire, not ours," said the boy, stoutly, and with a certain sense of humor.

The dark eyes gleamed queerly again. "Ye knew not who I was, perchance?"

"Not then, sire; but now right well, my lord baron."

"If thou hadst known me thou wouldst never have thrown."

"Ay, but I would, with a right good will," answered the boy, doggedly; "but I would not now for a gold rose-noble!"

As he spoke he threw back his head.

"How now?" said the baron, sharply. "Why not?"

"Because ye bore yourself as a right lord baron should!" cried the boy, looking up frankly, though choking a little as he spoke.

A grim smile twitched at the corners of the baron's iron mouth on that blunt reply, and a sparkle of satisfaction lighted his haughty eyes. Little used to such fair, plain speech from either young or old, the boy's pluck struck his fancy. "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Walter, sire; but whose son art thou?"

"The boy looked up with a glance of sharp distrust, and did not reply. Sir Richard's mouth set harshly again.

"Answer me, thou forward rogue! What is thy father's name?"

The boy's lips whitened, but he did not speak.

"It were better for thee to answer me," warned the knight, gathering his bride as he spoke.

The boy's heart sank, and his face grew pale.

"My father has nae clodded thee," he replied, huskily. "The fault is mine, not his."

Sir Richard's eyes were full of queer looks that day, but never more than then. "Thou stubborn knave!" quoth he, shortly. "Thy father fattered thee—that is enough. Here, stand thou at my stirrup-leather."

The boy obeyed, trembling.

"Lay hold," said he. The boy laid hold upon the leather.

"Now follow where I ride, upon thy life."

And so they fared to Bolton Castle.

New Postmaster.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 29.—Postmasters appointed: Market, Doddridge county, William H. Crook, vice Thomas J. Peacy, resigned; Paradise, Putnam county, Mark Higginbotham, vice Elmer McKee, resigned; Ronda, Kanawha county, J. W. Moore, vice Thomas M. Scott, resigned; Matile, Roane county, Evan Fisher, vice Stephen Taylor, resigned; Wharmcliff, Mingo county, W. S. Livingston, vice Eliza Stender, resigned; Lurli, Kanawha county, W. H. Smith, vice W. C. Holland, resigned.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Logan Drug Company.

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for a case of catarrh that cannot be cured, creates the suspicion that the article so advertised is a humbug. Do you know of any such reward being paid? Ely Bros. do not promise rewards in order to sell their well-known "Cream Balm." They offer the most effective medicine, prepared in convenient form to use, and at the lowest possible price, 50 cents per bottle. An honest and effective remedy, which is absolutely free from mercurials or other harmful drugs.

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Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

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Lisle, Gauze, Balbriggan and Silk

has just been received. We are prepared to supply the wants of men, women and children at present, but don't delay buying until the stock is broken. We are prepared to furnish also, at catalogue prices, DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN UNDERWEAR in summer weight.

LADIES' CAMBRIC UNDERWEAR.

Our new stock is being received and will be complete on the 23d inst. All our Muslin and Cambric Underwear is made to order just as we want it, and we think its merits are pretty well understood by our customers.

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